

ELEGYS

THE FIRST,

On wanton *WATT M' AULAT*,
The famous Piper in *Port-glasgow*.

The second,

On *George Rollance* King's Boatman of
Port-glasgow, who died twice, and is
yet alive, and outwitted Death the third
Time, who came to demand him.

K. Mac Aulay (W.)



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An Elegy on wanton. *Watty M^c Aulay, &c.*

D O r i g l a s g o w thou's e'en left a lean,
 Thy Residenters may make Mean,
 And gasp and Greet, and grunt and grean
 For by the Head
 Death has our publick Piper taen,
 And feld him dead.
 Right hartfomly when Day appears,
 He won't t' sen Sounds throu our Ears,
 Thir Thoughts thou'd force our Dewy Tears,
 As clear as Bead,
 T' think that he's paid his Arrears,
 And he's e'en dead
 When well reposes'd wi' Sleep we lay
 In Beds, and lipning lang for Day,
 While yet the Morn appear'd but gray.
 Wi' weel tun'd Reed,
 He

He bony Highland Tunes con'd play,
But ah! he's dead,

His Musick swet, gart younkers reel,

His Heart was true as ony Steel,

As Morn e're Day, he left his Beel,

And by the Gate

He meet a Vision like the D—ll,

But fled nae fra't

At ilka Race, and ilka Fair,

Where he was wont to make Repair,

He gart his Pipes baith squeake and rare,

His Drone was Basse,

We need nae look for piping mair,

Dool is our Case,

Lang syne when he the Sheep did feed.

'Mangst Highland Hills, a Whim in's Head,

He took, and gat an aten Reed

And sy't te play

And thereon did his Fancy feed

Wi' bony Bay

A noted Highland Laird we hear,

He generously paid for his Lear,

And made him in his Art perquere,

Whilk wao his Bread,

For mony a longsome Day and Year;

But ah! he's dead.

A Gentleman, we'll pass his Name,

Hearing o' wanton Watty's Fame,

He trow't t' wile him frae his Name,

And hight him Fee.

T' keep his Redcoats in bra Gams
 And Company.
 But wanton Watty seem'd Right swer,
 T' lea his auld Acquaintence here,
 T' play before his Men o' Weer,
 And t' beshort,
 He tell't him plainly in the Rear,
 Sir I'm nae fort.
 A westren Knight feing him wile,
 Height he wad ca him to Exile,
 To wit, Virginy, where his Toil
 Wad be right fair,
 And able ne'er see Highland Isles,
 For ever mair.
 Transform'd to Rage was Jest and Droll,
 And Patience wad nae langer tholl,
 Sae fary Watty gat the Hole,
 And was confin'd,
 Whare he his hard Waird did condole,
 Wi' a fash'd Mind.
 Mony for his Relief did pray,
 At Length it happen'd on a Day,
 The Highland Laird wha ye heard say,
 That paid the Fee,
 For Watty t' learn him for till play,
 Came o're the Sea.
 And fand him in this irksome Place,
 But taking Pity on his Case,
 Plead hard, and purchas'd his Release,
 Whilk gart Wat say,
 Wi'

Wi' cheery Looks stamp'd in his Face,

I'm bound t' pray

For you Sir till my Knees grow fair,

Till Hides worn aff and Bones look bare,

And will do't t' for evermair,

Come Reed o' Corn,

Aist me' Whistles, banish Care,

Weel play till Morn.

Watty, thou wanton Highland Man,

Come o' a genteel Highland Clan,

At ilky Part the Gree thou wan,

For lays fae snell.

In Musick sweet naen thee outran,

Thou bore the Bell,

Thy Whistles rusts now in the Sheath,

Sin e're the Time thou slipt thy Breath,

Wi' worth the Picture o' thee Death,

Wae Hart right fair,

T' see him self wau'd I been laith,

Had I been there.

A Scots Bard might write a' his Days,

Wi' many drolsome losome Lays,

And wi' an unco kine o' Phraise,

Yet wad come short,

In telling wanton Watty's Praise.

By true Report

[7]
POSTSCRIPT,

Here's Fifty Folk, and Fifty baith,
Gi' them a Book, they'll take their Aith,
That they saw Watty, or his Wrath,
In his nain Weed,
And Folk's grown dubious a' Faith,
That he's nae dead.
Folk that speaks Truth we'll trow them best,
Twa fine true Neighbours hard his Test,
Freely they say, he this confest
At his last Breath,
He trow't his Sp'rit wad get nae Rest,
After his Death.
The proper Reason he did gi',
Was that he grudg'd fairly t' Lye,
Folk that was merry Company,
And gi'd him Placks,
And he gi'd them sweet Melody,
And canny Crack.

An ELEGY on George Rollance, of
Port-Glasgow, King's Boatman, who
died twice, and is yet alive, and out-
witted Death the third Time, whae
came to demand him.

IN III. PARTS.

PROLOGUE

Superiour Powers that bides aboon,
Farther by far frae's than the Moon,

We

We do admire what is't ye mean,

T' please yer fell

Like Jugler's ye o're cast our Een,

Wi' Magick Spels

Sure I dare venture and be bald,

T' say't, That nae Man young or auld,

Can say the like he e're had tald,

I'll gi' my Aith

That naen but him sin Adam's Fall,

Thrice o're cow'd Death

His Principles are rare that's clear,

For he'll nae drink, nor canna swear,

Nor yet a Lye in a heal Year

He winna forge,

Auld Nick himsell he'll mock and Jeer,

That's true by George

The first P A R T.

Giving Account how he was dead in the Orkneys, in the West of Scotland, and how he arose out of the Coffin within a Mile of his Grave, and returned Home with Friends, and helpt to drink his own Dirgy.

That Cheel ca'd Death, that girning Ghost
Came rining yensit as he were chaest,
Crys Geordy make thee hence in Hast,

I'm sent for thee

This

This Minute thou maun be displac'd,
And gae wi' an
How fearfue wast t' see him stand,
Wi, bath a Glass and Dart in's Hand,
Quo he I'll let ye ken I'm gaen,
T' fell yedon d,
Sine wi a Staff or Aiken Waan,
Comes o're his Head.
And sine began to Stare and Stat,
And furiously drew forth his Dart,
Says he, I'll make ye by my Art,
As sma as Ponder,
The Dart he flang, but mist the Hart,
And het the Shoulder.
Giff ony trow there be a slip,
Or Flaw made here, by Tongue or Lip,
Speer at himsel he'll shortly strip,
T' the bare Skin
The Mark ye'll see on's Shoulder tip,
Unless ye'r blin.
Poor conquerd Geordy crys, O Death!
I'll gang wi you this very Breath,
Yet I maun tell thee I'm Right laith,
Cause I'm but young.
Earth's Pleasure for till lea, yet sooth
I own I'm dang.
But Death that cross contentions Slave,
Crys Geordy ne'er clatter nir Rave,
Thy Corps maunly intil a Grave,
As cald as Key,
And

And thy Sp'rit shall gang till a Cave,

Beyond the Sea,

Poor Geordy now maun gang awa,

Sine Friends and Neighbours come in a,

And busk'd him in clean Lincne Bra,

And band his Head

Syne cry'd Alace! and walawa,

Poor Geordy's dead

Geordy's wi Death now, sue a study,

Comes in his Pow, Quo, he Caldcoody

Come on thee, thou deserves a Woody,

About thy Craig

For gieing me thou Ill flesh'd Body,

Sic a Fatigue

But if ye will but be sae kind,

T' ease my fasht uneasy Mind,

I'd Reverance ye like a Divine,

Giff ye wad gie

A Gift or Respect o' sma Time,

Again t' me

But Death he'll no consent t' eyite,

And Geordy vows he's no discreet,

Sine he began to gasp and greet

Crys 'tis no fair

O ony gapin ginnia Sp'rit

Wi Banes a bare

T' tick a silly simple Youth,

Ye Cooff yes won nought by't in Truth,

O scaling ye shall ay he footh,

In't I take Pleasure

Ye lean Faa'd Goblen Bitch o' Mouth,
Gae by a Rascall.
Quo Death, hey George, ye banter cliver,
I doubt wi winna gree the gether,
Ge back 'a while but no for ever,
For I'm right sure,
The Wife of Baith has been yer Mither,
That scaling Whore.
Quo Gordy, O Death but yer kind!
Ye've stretch'd my Life and eas'd my Mind,
The Tidd I'll take while I hae Time,
I'll lea this Cave,
Sine Upstarts Geordy within Nine
Furlongs o's Grave.
Sine ilka yen was unco' blyth,
T' see the Dead again alive,
Quo George I trow I'll Help Believe,
T' drink my Dregy,
Here's t' ye George, I wish ye thrive,
Neighbour I pledge ye.

The second P A R T.

Giving Account how he was drowned at
Dinoin in the West of Scotland, and
taken out of the Water, and returned
to Life again in the Time of Prayers,
made for him by a Minister; And also,
what

what Recompence he made the Minister
for his Care.

IT's odd how Fortune rules Aboon,
Ea Day he happned at Dinoin,
T' sipe aff baith his Hose and Shoon,

And a his Claes,
Sine for till founn whan he had doon,

Awa he gaes,
Now Geordy Soums wi' sic a faird.

And Death for ten Years had him spaird,
Poor Fallow! he was aff his Gaurd,

And Death appears,
And Crys, Iae Georg, yer servant Laird,

I grip ye heer.
Sae Death him by the Creag sune took,

And desperatly the Folow shook,
And dabled him just like a Duck,

Ay ip and down,
Geordy coud with to be a Fluck,

That wad nae droun.

Kind Baldy Kelbryn t' the Skin
Uncas'd himsel and in did rin,
Till Watter o resflow'd his Chin,

And gat a tugg,
Or grip o' George and drew him in,

Just by the Lugg.

When Baldy did his Corps out draw,
Twa Neighbours they him oversaw,
The Carles had kind Harts and bra,

And true like Steel,
It's

fer t's *James Parker* that they them caa,
And *John M'Neal*.

This was a dohorne dreery Day,
And mony ran t' se the Fray,
Twa Ministers as I hard say,
Wad witt the Stir.

Qno *John Mr. Walter* will ye pray,
O! Reverant Sir.

The haly Dadd was no well pleast,
Says he t' *John* that's a rare Jest,
Wad I pray for yen that's Deceast,
And fairly dead,

I was na breed a Popish Priest
I use nae Bead.

The other haly Dady than,
Supposing Life was in the Man,
Upo' his Knes in haft has faa'n,
And lang he prays,
E're he had done *George* cou'd stand,
His Neighbours says.

Revived *Geordy* wi a Stare
Glowr't round on a the Folk was there,
Sine Crys, O! Reverand Sir, yee'r rare,
And well can Pray,
I will content ye for yer Care,
Another Day.

But the good Prayer o' the Divine,
Shortly slipt out o' *Geordy's* Mind,
For yens he gaed upon a Time,
At his nain Laisure,
For

For a' his Promise to be kind,
 And took a Seizure
 This Action did offend his Wife,
 Oho she, George, What needs a' this Strife?
 Ye promis'd Friendship, is right rife,
 Ye'r kind indeed
 D' ye mind wha was't pray'd you to Life,
 When ye were dead
 Geordy says ; Madam, thar's een true,
 But will ye gie the Deel his due,
 Yenst r' be leel I made a Vow,
 And I hae Bread
 By Great King George, sae I'll be true
 Tho' I was dead

The Third P A R T.

Giving an Account how he stick'd a Man
 and was Imprisoned for it : But the
 Man recovering he was liberated ; and
 also, how he outwitted Death the third
 Time, when he came to demand him

NOW listen till a wanton Crack,
 Geordy yens did a valiant Act,
 He stick'd a Man behind his Back,
 Tho' it was Rude
 Yet Geordy mattered no ae Plack,
 T' spill his Blood
 Syn

Syne Redcoats did his Body Seize,
 And till a Prison did him heaze,
 Where he was forc'd to pay his Fees,
 Hard was his Lot;

It cost him, e're ilk yen was pleas'd,
 Thirty Pound Scot.

Syno a' did Jeer him, auld and Young,
 And crys, haith George ye'r no i'll dong,
 Be thankfue, Lad, and had ye'r Tongue
 I had the Man died,
 Heth ye wad run a Risk to hang.

At *Howgate-Head*.
 May Death that greedy Gorb ne'er thrive,
 He grudg'd to see *Geordy* alive,
 Meets aenst mair wi' a sharp Syth,

Intill his Hand,
 Crys George come now and dinna strive,
 Obey Command.

Quo George ye summons very fair,
 Before twice, score ye've done right fair,
 And now will ye my Life but spair.

Just for a wi,
 Until I say ae single Prayer,
 Before I dye.

Quo Death I grant a Thing that's fair,
 Sae haste George fash me nae mair,
 See that thou be rrue and sincere,

Or't wonna do,
 Ge make a bra substantial Prayer,
 And grean till't too.

Thir

George's Heart,
Death by his Art,
a Triumph Cart,
Well can I play
I can never Syth nor Dart,
For I'll never pray.

POSTSCRIPT.

Cliff George wad take a Friends Advice,
He'd learn in Time for to be wise,
For Death keeps ay a Box o' Dice,
Tho' he has Cards,
And will yet swinge him wi' a Rice,
For a his Fairds.

FINIS.



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